

## The Home

### Uphill

Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
 Yea, to the very end.  
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
 From morn to night, my friend.  
 But is there for the night a resting-place?  
 A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.  
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
 You cannot miss that inn.  
 Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
 Those who have gone before.  
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
 They will not keep you standing at that door.  
 Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
 Of labor you shall find the sum.  
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
 Yea, beds for all who come.

—Christina Rossetti, in New York Observer.

### The Power of Kindness

A crowd stood on the pavement, watching a driver who was trying to make a horse draw a wagon full of straw.

The horse, a fine beast, with plenty of mettle and well groomed, would not pull, altho some men tried to start him by moving the wheels, while others pushed behind.

The driver pulled the horse's head, first to one side, and then to the other, but exert himself he would not.

The whip was used and plenty of advice given. Still the horse remained stupid.

A little lad standing by called out, "Show him some kindness, master!"

Some of the crowd laughed, but the driver put up his whip and began to pat the horse; and after a little time the animal became anxious and restless, and before many minutes had gone his stubbornness was conquered, and he started off with the wagon and straw, while the boy walked away, remarking, "All he wanted was some kindness."—National Advocate.

### Sharing Our Homes

"Why, why don't we do something for this army of students, then?" said an energetic young matron, one of a group of ladies, among whom a discussion of the needs of students had arisen. "Let's do something."

"That's what I say," came promptly from another of the group. "I'm tired and sick of hearing that the world in general needs reforming. What I want to find out is how I can put a practical hand to helping the small corner in which I find myself. You know I'm nothing if not practical," with a half apologetic laugh.

"But, my dear, are we not doing that in planning and working for home-like college residences?" said an elderly lady.

"Yes, but look at the time and, above all, the money, that it will require. I'm afraid that solution of the question is far in the future yet. Meanwhile numbers of these young people come and go and live, or exist, as best they may or can in boarding houses, with no one specially interested in them,

practically without counsel or restraint, and that, too, at a most impressionable period of their lives. What a lonely student needs is a touch of real personal interest and a breath of a real home atmosphere occasionally."

"Besides," said another speaker, "what is true of the larger cities is true in a measure of the whole country. Almost every town of any importance has its educational centre to attend which young people must leave their homes in the surrounding country for a considerable part of the year."

"I have done a good deal of entertaining of students," said a professor's wife, "but I always felt this difficulty; there were so many of them that it was almost impossible to become well enough acquainted with them individually to give them the benefit of the personal sympathy which they need. If there were only half a dozen or so, one could get to know and take an individual interest in them."

"Why, that suggests a simple solution of the whole matter," broke in the first speaker again. "Suppose each woman interested in students in general takes four or five of them under her special care and makes them feel that her home is open to them at any and all times and that she is always sufficiently interested in them to be interested in what they are doing, or to give freely counsel and help in difficulties or perplexities. Don't you think some absent mother would bless her for it?"

"In short, you mean, give them a corner in your life and home, that they may consider specially their own?"

"Exactly."

"Would it not be a good thing to extend this idea of sharing our homes beyond even the student circles? There are a great many people who long for a touch of home life."

"Yes, it would," agreed another speaker, heartily; "you see, it requires no organization, no equipment beyond that of tact and a home and a kind heart back of it all. The idea is capable of endless adaption to different needs and circumstances."

"Well," said the young matron, with bright emphasis, "I've got a glimpse of something to do and I'm going to do it."

"I was a stranger and ye took me in," quoted the quiet little woman softly.—Selected.

### Why Boys Bother

A gentleman was riding in a trolley car in Philadelphia. It was just after six o'clock, when people were going home from their work as fast as they could, and the cars were crowded. Three boys came in together. They were bright boys, with clean faces, and they were good-natured fellows, but they were full of fun. They pushed each other and talked rather loud, and they annoyed a lady who sat next to them by pushing each other.

Then a big man, who was standing up reading his newspaper, after asking the boys once or twice to be quiet, took hold of the

noisiest boy by the collar and pulled him out of his seat. He told him he must be quiet, or he would have to get out of the car. After that the boy was pretty still, as you may believe.

The gentleman who saw this began to think why it is that boys cannot manage themselves. In every boy there are two boys—a good and a bad boy. The good boy wants to be master; he wants to speak the truth, and to be clean, and kind, and obedient. But the bad boy in him wants to be noisy, and mischievous, and do just what he pleases.

Now, which do you think is the stronger in you? Do you not think it appears as if the bad boy was stronger than the other fellow? A boy, perhaps, does not mean to be bad; but somehow he is bad, because the bad boy in him gets stronger than the good boy.

The good boy needs help. Don't you think he does? Do you know how he can get it? I think I can tell you. Let me ask one of the good men of the Bible. His name was Paul. He says, "I can do all things thru Christ which strengtheneth me." If we ask Christ to help us, we believe he will; and with his help the good boy will be stronger than the bad boy.—Picture World.

### Self-help for Nervous Women

Before nervousness has been established and become a habit is the time to attack it. Once it has got possessions, more severe measures must be taken to eject it—and advice will have to wait till the war is over. "To read the riot act to a mob of emotions is valueless, and he who is wise will choose a more wholesome hour for his exhortations. Before and after are the preachers hopeful occasions, not the moment when the excitement is the highest and the self control we seek to get help from its lowest ebb."

The woman who suffers from nervousness must try to study for herself her life, habits, environment, temperament, in order to discover when the trouble springs. Oftenest some departure from proper ways of living will be found at the starting point. It may have been unavoidable when it occurred, or have been thought so at least, or more likely not thought about at all until the mischief was done.

Few things will more certainly insure a future disastrous result upon the character than a habit of yielding to or cultivating to excess the expression of all the emotions. Tears for trifling pains, or loud complaints about small annoyances, physical, social, or what not, may give at first momentary relief to the weeper, but soon become a habit which weakens the power of self control, and lessens the possibility of endurance in all forms. It is not within the ability of every woman to absolutely suppress all manifestation of suffering; it is surely within the power of every one to make up her mind—an teach her children—to endure the smaller necessary woes of existence without an out-